

William B. Diller

POLICE



JANUARY
No. 74

COMICS

10¢

PLASTIC MAN

teaches
PROF. DIMWITT
a lesson!





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NOW! ALL 5 FAMOUS JOWETT COURSES IN 1 COMPLETE MUSCLE BUILDING VOLUME! FOR ONLY 25¢

MAKE ME PROVE—
I can make YOU
**COMMANDO
-TOUGH**
inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

says *George F. Jowett*
whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



AND MY PHOTO BOOK
OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!
FREE!

"The Jowett System
is the greatest in the
world!" says R. F. Kelly,
Physical Director,
Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man". Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

READ What These Famous Pupils Say About Jowett. Why Don't You Follow in Their Footsteps!

PASSAMONT
Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



REX FERRIS
Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 25c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded! Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

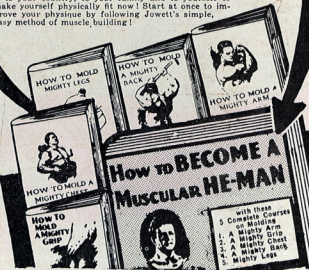
Send for Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.



**BUILD A BODY
YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!**
I am making a drive for thousands of
new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST!
So Get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each) Muscle Building Courses
All in 1 great complete volume FOR ONLY 25¢

PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES!
At last all 5 of Jowett's, World-Famous Muscle-Building Courses are available in one great complete volume to thousands of readers of this publication at the "get-acquainted", extremely low price of only 25c! You owe it to your country, to your family and to yourself to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle building!



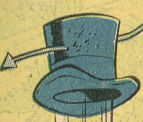
George F. Jowett
Champion of Champions

FREE GIFT COUPON!

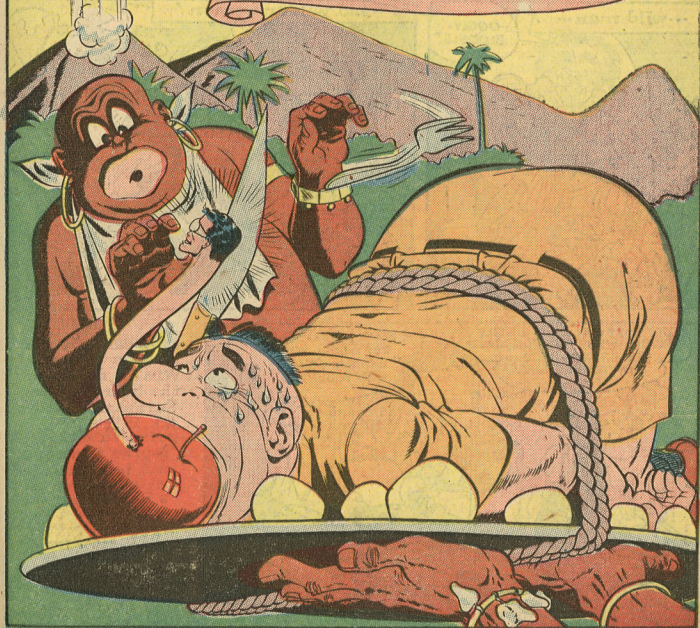
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210 Fifth Ave., Dept. G-81 New York 1, N. Y.
George F. Jowett—Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses, 1. Molding a Mighty Chest, 2. Molding a Mighty Arm, 3. Molding a Mighty Grip, 4. Molding a Mighty Back, 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in one Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man". Enclosed find 25c. NO C.O.D.'S.

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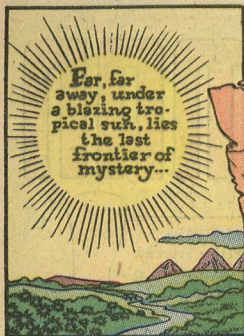
PLASTIC MAN



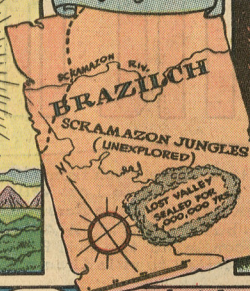
It's a long stretch from the city pavements to Lost Valley in the dark depths of the Scramazon Jungle but **PLASTIC MAN** made it to confound the evil forces that plotted to rule the world!



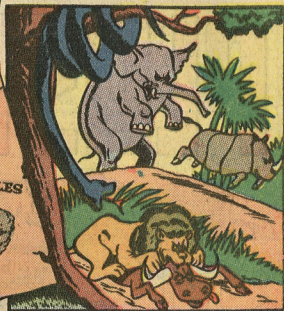
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...land of wild, impenetrable jungles...



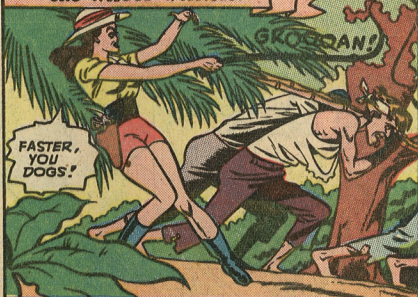
--- wild animals ---



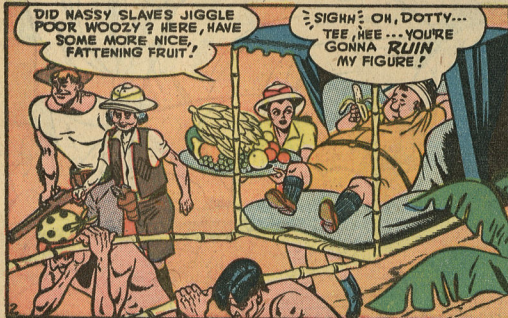
...wild men...



...and wilder women!



DID NASSY SLAVES JIGGLE POOR WOOLZY? HERE, HAVE SOME MORE NICE, FATTENING FRUIT!



How can this be? What is Woolzy Winks doing in the heart of the Scramazon jungle? Ah, it is a long grim tale that begins ten days and ten thousand miles earlier in a familiar spot...



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...the front door of F.B.I. headquarters, to be exact!

ABSOLUTELY NOT, WOZZY! THIS IS A TOP-DRAWER SUPER-SECRET CONFERENCE! NO EAVESDROPPING TODAY!

OOMPH! IT'S A BLASTED OUTRAGE!

OKAY, CHIEF! WOZZY'S LEAVING! LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

RIGHT! PLASTIC MAN, I WANT YOU TO MEET DR. HUNT, THE FAMOUS EXPLORER!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, DOCTOR... BUT WHAT DOES JUNGLE EXPLORING HAVE TO DO WITH THE F.B.I.?

PLENTY, PLASTIC MAN! YOU SEE, ON MY LAST TRIP TO THE SCRAMAZON, I FOUND A WAY INTO THE LOST VALLEY, CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD FOR A BILLION YEARS!

I FOUND LOST VALLEY FULL OF PREHISTORIC MONSTERS... AND THE RICHEST MINE OF URANIUM ORE ON EARTH!

JEEPERS! THE STUFF ATOMIC BOMBS ARE MADE OF!

RIGHT, PLASTIC MAN!

WHOEVER CONTROLS THAT URANIUM SOURCE CAN RULE THE WORLD!

WHEW! I SEE LOST VALLEY ON THIS MAP! LUCKILY, NO ONE ELSE KNOWS HOW TO GET INTO IT BUT YOU, DOCTOR!

I WISH THAT WERE TRUE!

WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE ELSE KNOWS THIS TERRIBLE SECRET?

ULP! Y-YES! PROFESSOR DIMWITT, A RENEGADE SCIENTIST, STOLE MY MAP! HE AND A MOBSTER NAMED ITCHY MOOG ARE ORGANIZING AN EXPEDITION!

THEY ATTACKED ME, STOLE THE MAP AND LEFT ME FOR DEAD! I DRAGGED MYSELF OUT AND MADE MY WAY HERE!

THIS IS AWFUL! WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

FINDING OUT'LL BE YOUR JOB, PLASTIC MAN! HERE ARE THEIR PICTURES!

BRRR! WHAT A TRIO TO HOLD THE FATE OF HUMANITY!

PROF. DIMWITT
late of Moronic University.

DOTTY DIMWITT,
his daughter, cruel and heartless.

ITCHY MOOG,
cold-blooded killer.

I'LL BEGIN THE SEARCH AT ONCE! COME ALONG, DOCTOR!

ULP! IMPETUOUS CHAP, ISN'T HE?

UNPREDICTABLE!

MEANWHILE, in the secret lair of the unholy three...

YOU HOLD ME! I'M QUITTIN'! MY MA NEVER RAISED NO KIDS FEEBLE-MINDED ENOUGH TO GO HUNTIN' A VALLEY FULLA MONSTERS!

TCH! TCH! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL REGRET THIS DECISION!

ARRGHHH!

BANG!

THE HELP TURNOVER IS TERRIFIC ON THESE EXPEDITIONS!

WE COULDN'T HAVE HIM BLABBING AROUND ABOUT OUR TRIP!

NATURALLY NOT! BUT NOW WE'RE A MAN SHORT...AND OUR PLANE IS DUE TO TAKE OFF FOR THE SCRAMAZON AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT!

RELAX, FATHER! I'LL FIND YOU A MAN! YOU WANT ONE FAT AND STUPID?

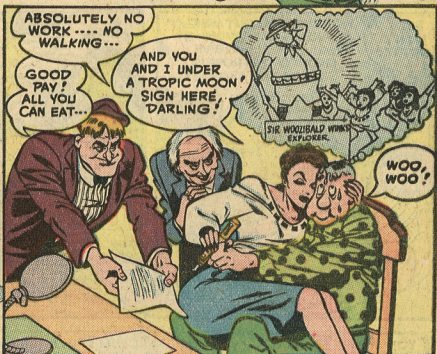
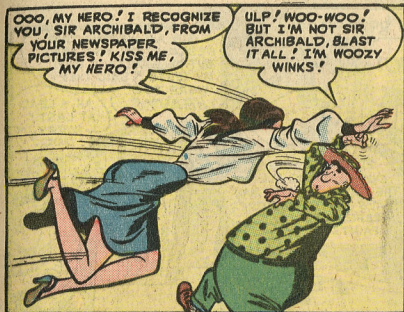
YES! STUPID ENOUGH TO GO... AND FAT ENOUGH TO TRADE TO THE BOOLA CANNIBALS IN EXCHANGE FOR OUR OWN LIVES!

And thus it was that...

DAWGONNIT, I'M SICK OF BEING PUSHED AROUND! FOR TWO CENTS, I'D LEAVE THE COUNTRY AND LET PLAS SOLVE HIS OWN CASES!

OH-OH! THERE'S THE PERFECT SPECIMEN...JUST WHAT WE NEED!

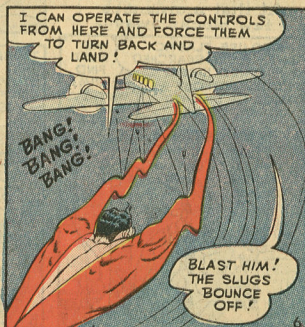
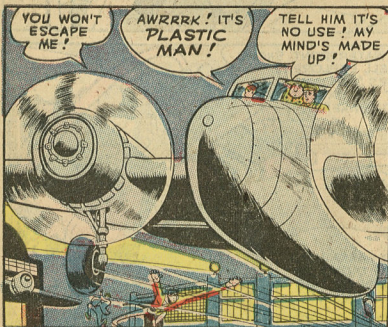
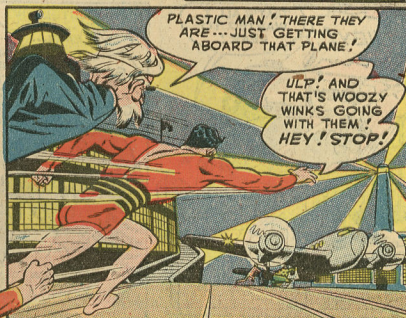
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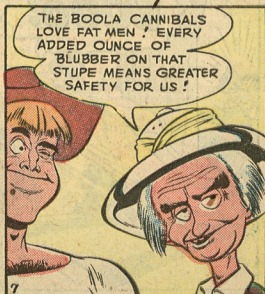
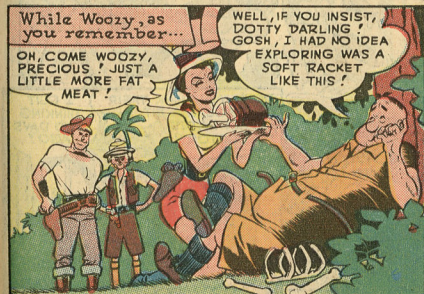
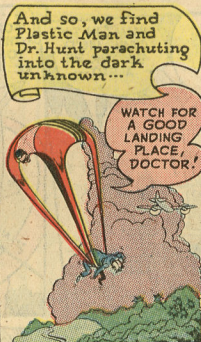
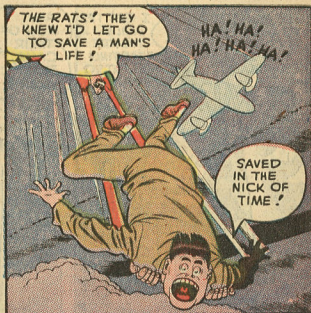
At that moment, a few blocks away...



So, far into the night, the chase goes on....



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I GET IT! WHILE THEY'RE FEASTING ON FATSO WINKS, WE SLIP PAST AND CLAIM THE URANIUM!

ANY SIGN OF THEIR CAMP, PLASTIC MAN?

I SEE A THREAD OF SMOKE ABOUT TWO MILES TO THE SOUTH-WEST, DR. HUNT! WE'LL HEAD THAT WAY!



HOW DID EXPLORERS EVER GET ALONG BEFORE YOU WERE INVENTED, PLASTIC MAN?



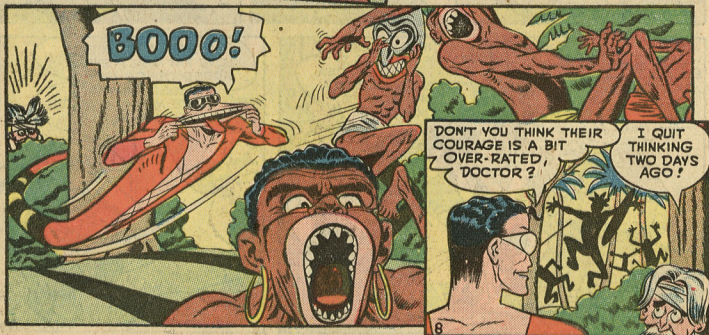
I FEEL IT ONLY FAIR TO WARN YOU, PLASTIC MAN, THAT WE'RE IN A LAND OF MURDEROUS SAVAGES!

HMM! IN THAT CASE, WE'D BETTER BE ALERT...



...AND TAKE IT FOR GRANTED THESE PEEPING TOMS HAVE HOSTILE INTENTIONS!

YULP! A YUK-YUK WAR PARTY! THE YUK-YUKS ARE ABSOLUTELY FEARLESS!

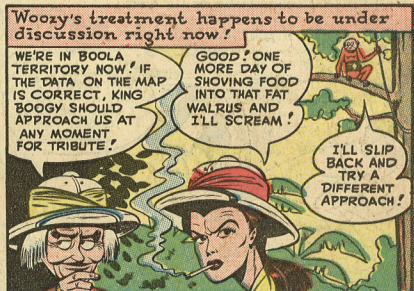
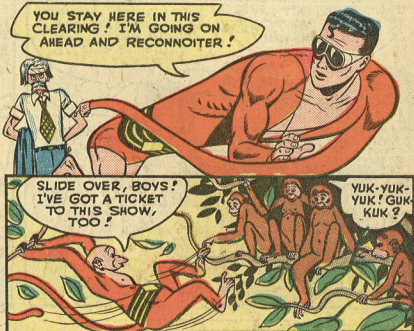
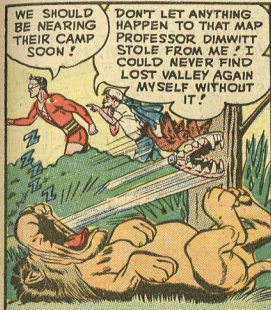


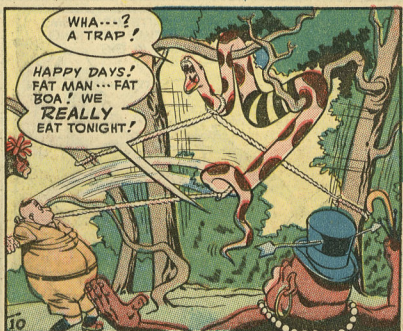
BOOOO!

DON'T YOU THINK THEIR COURAGE IS A BIT OVER-RATED, DOCTOR?

I QUIT THINKING TWO DAYS AGO!

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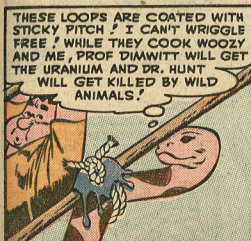
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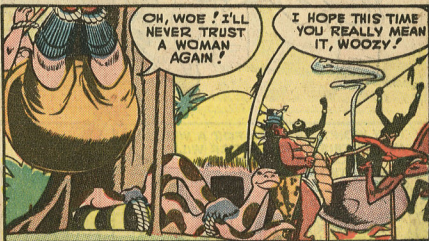
OKEY, DOKEY! YOU
GO LOST VALLEY!
ME GO HOME AND
EAT!

OUR TROUBLES
ARE OVER!

I WISH
MINE
WERE!



THESE LOOPS ARE COATED WITH
STICKY PITCH! I CAN'T WRIGGLE
FREE! WHILE THEY COOK WOZZY
AND ME, PROF DIMWITT WILL GET
THE URANIUM AND DR. HUNT
WILL GET KILLED BY WILD
ANIMALS!



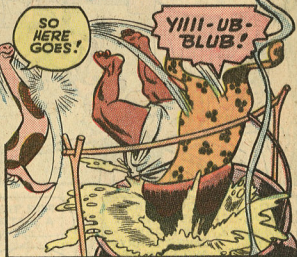
OH, WOE! I'LL
NEVER TRUST
A WOMAN
AGAIN!

I HOPE THIS TIME
YOU REALLY MEAN
IT, WOZZY!



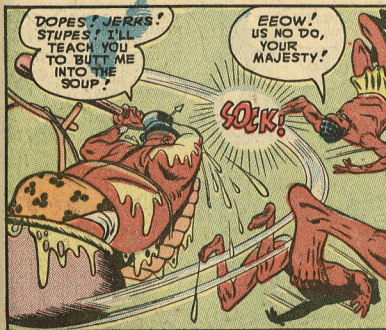
PLAS! YOU GOTTA SAVE ME!
THEY'RE GONNA SERVE
WINKSBURGERS TO THAT
FAT SLUG!

I'M ALMOST AS
HELPLESS AS YOU,
WOZZY! ALL I
CAN STRETCH IS
MY NECK!



SO
HERE
GOES!

YIII-UB-
BLUB!



DOPES! JERKS!
STUPES! I'LL
TEACH YOU
TO BUTT ME
INTO THE
SOUP!

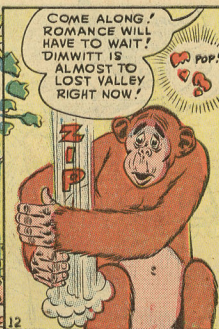
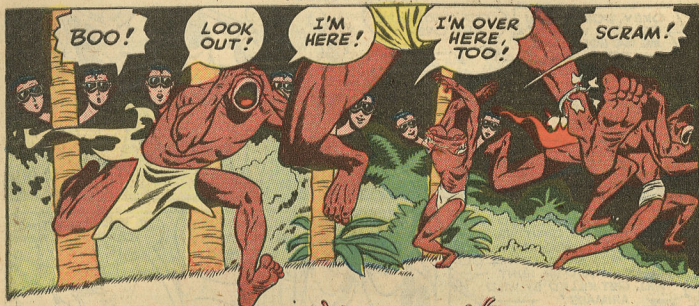
EEOW!
US NO DO,
YOUR
MAJESTY!

SOCK!



HOW DARE YOU USE
THE GREAT SPIRIT OF
BUGGLY-WUGGLE FOR
A COMMON CLUB,
FATHEAD?

YIIKE!



PLASTIC MAN? I
RECOGNIZE THOSE
TWIN PEAKS NOW!
THEY MARK THE
ENTRANCE TO LOST
VALLEY!

GOOD! THEN INSTEAD OF
HUNTING FOR DIMWITT,
WE'LL GO STRAIGHT
ACROSS AND WAIT
FOR HIM THERE!

SOMETHING TELLS
ME PROFESSOR
DIMWITT IS IN FOR
A SURPRISE!

HIM AND THAT
DOUBLE-CROSS-
ING BABE, TOO!
TRY TO FEED
WOZZY WINKS
TO THE CANNI-
BALS, WILL
THEY? GRRR!

Meanwhile...

WE'RE ALMOST THERE!
ACCORDING TO THIS MAP,
THE ENTRANCE IS BETWEEN
THOSE PEAKS! NOTHING
CAN STOP US NOW!

I WONDER
WHAT THE QUEEN
OF THE WORLD
SHOULD WEAR
FOR HER
CORONATION?

HOW ABOUT SOMETHING
APPROPRIATE... LIKE A
BLACK HOOD WITH A
NECKLACE OF HEMP
ROPE, DEARIE?

YEEEE!
PLASTIC
MAN!

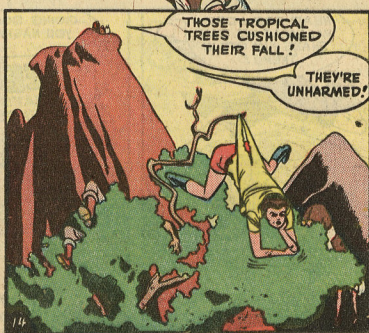
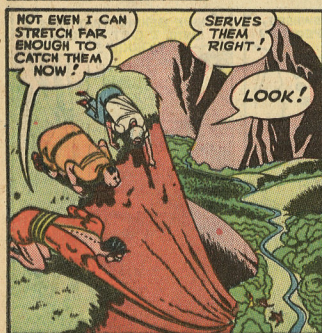
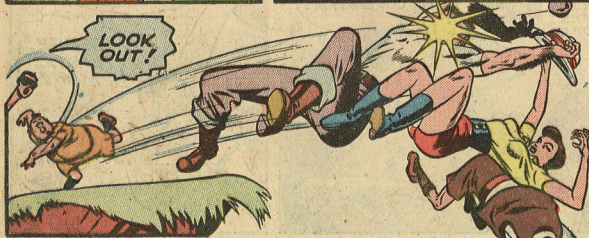
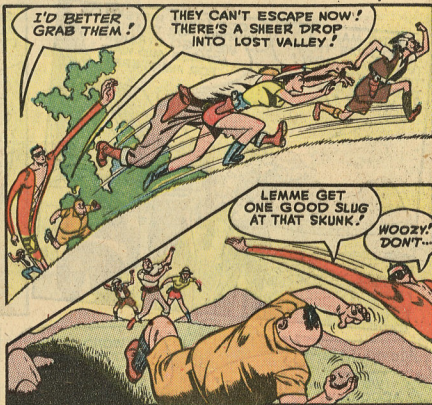
HEAD FOR LOST
VALLEY! WE CAN
SHAKE HIM OFF IN
THERE!

GOING SOMEWHERE,
YOU NASTY PEOPLE?

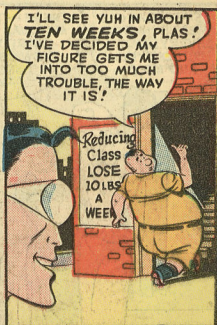
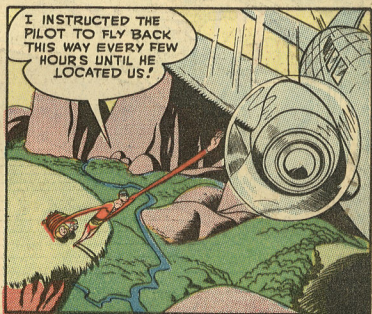
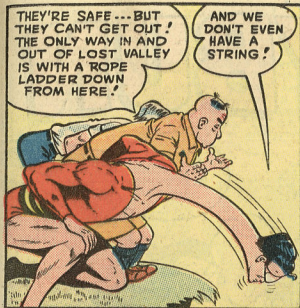
EEK!
FATSO'S
GHOST!

HIDE BEHIND THAT TREE
UNTIL I GET MY GUN
WORKIN'!

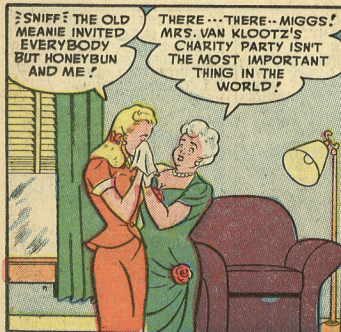
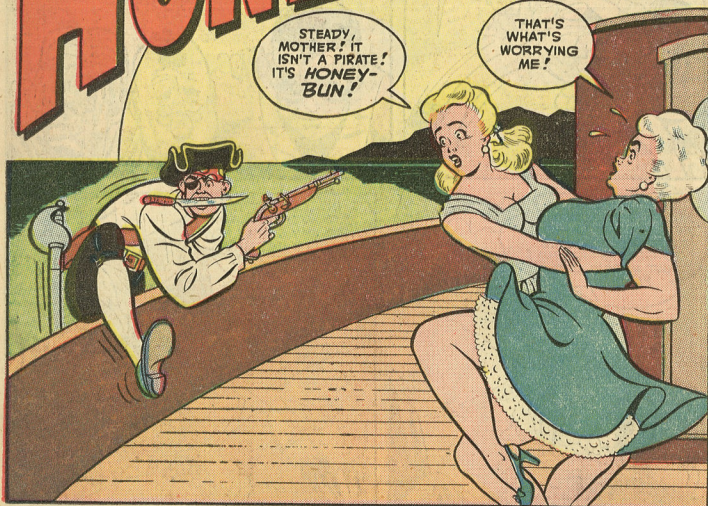
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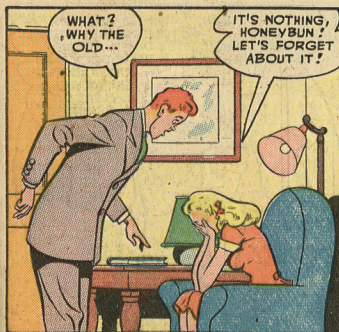
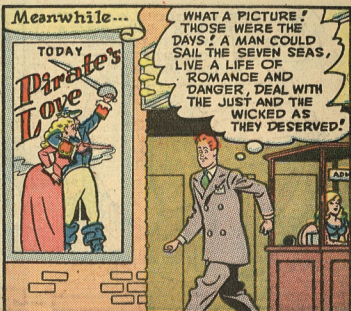
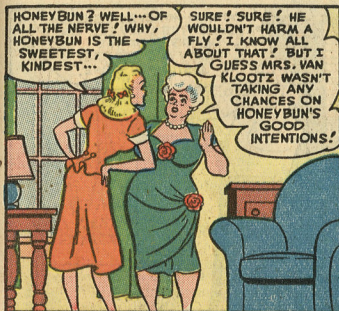


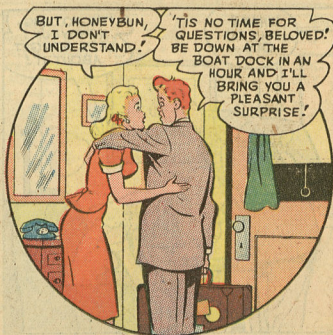
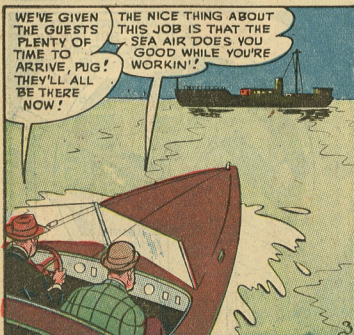
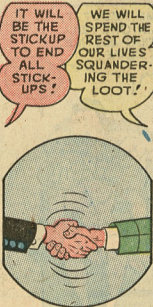
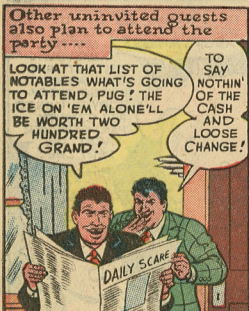
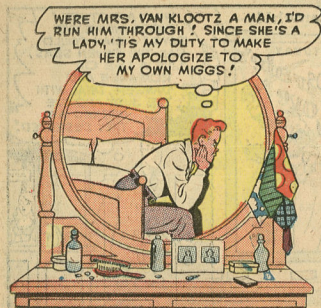
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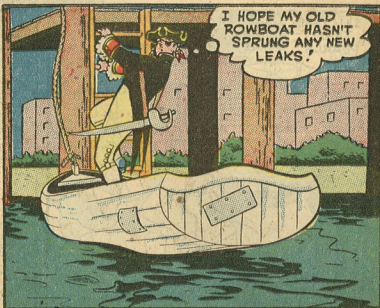


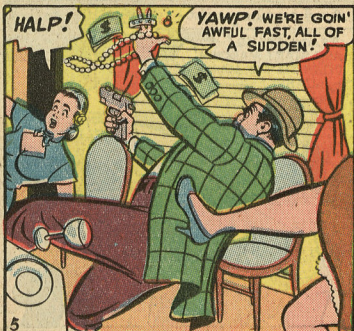
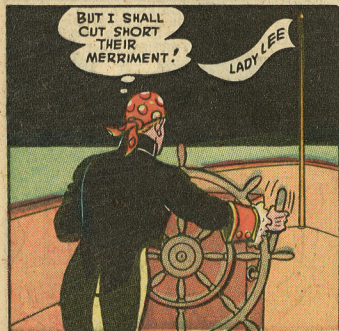
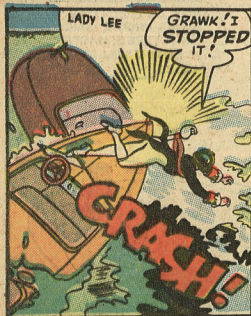
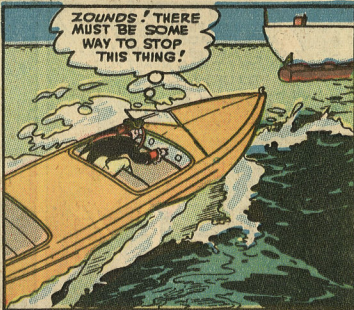
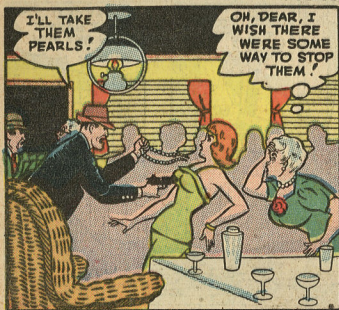
HONEYBUN



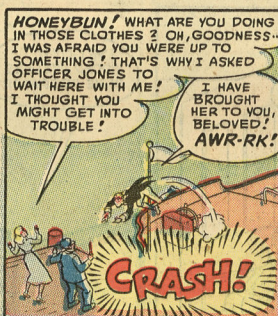
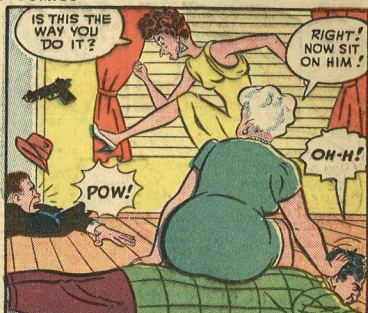
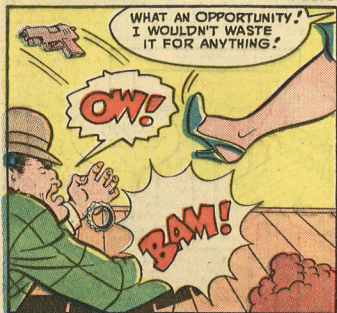








POLICE COMICS



SPECKS

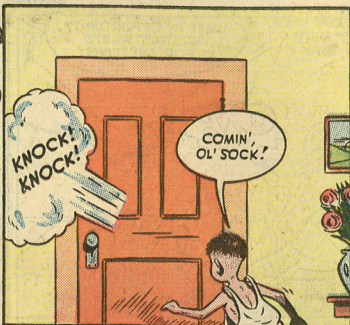
NO! NO! NO!
YOU DIN'T DISTURB
ME AFTERNOON
NAP! I'LL BE
RIGHT OVER,
MUSCLES!

T'ANKS,
OL' SOCK!



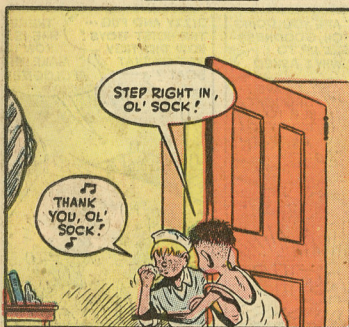
KNOCK!
KNOCK!

COMIN',
OL' SOCK!



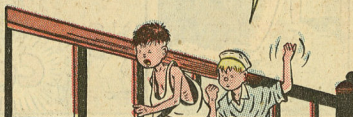
STEP RIGHT IN,
OL' SOCK!

THANK
YOU, OL'
SOCK!



I'VE GOT IT
HIDDED UPSTAIRS
IN ME BOODWHAR!

A VERY SMART
PRECAUTIONARY MOVE,
OL' SOCK! IT'S LIKE I
ALLUS SAY--- YOU CAN'T
BE TOO CAUTIOUS IN
THIS DAY AN' AGE!

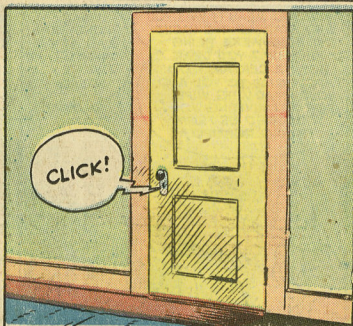


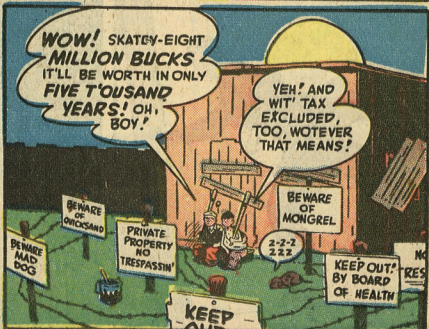
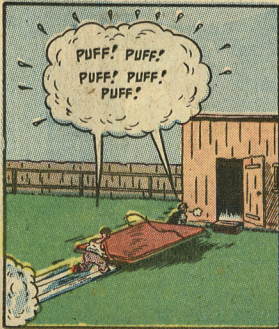
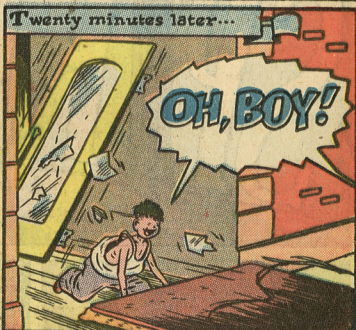
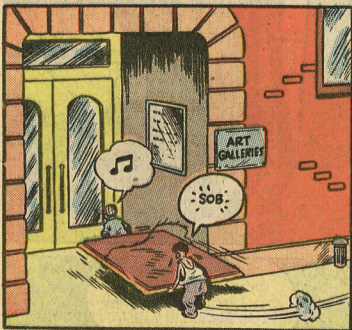
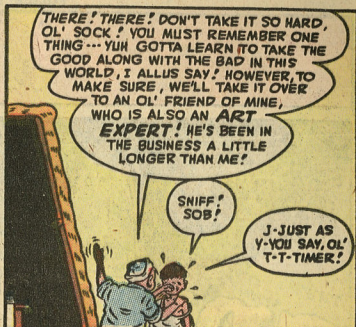
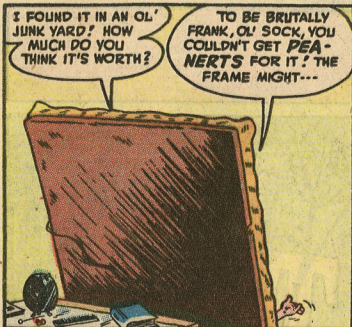
AFTER
YOUSE, OL'
SOCK!

THANK
YOUSE, OL'
SOCK!

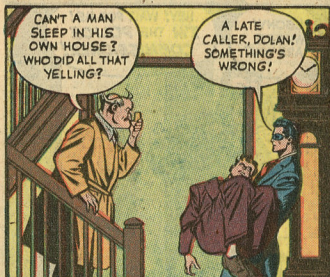


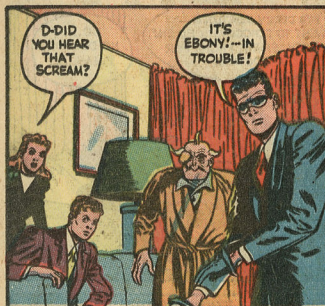
CLICK!

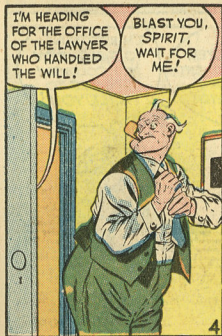
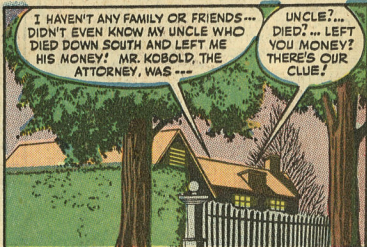


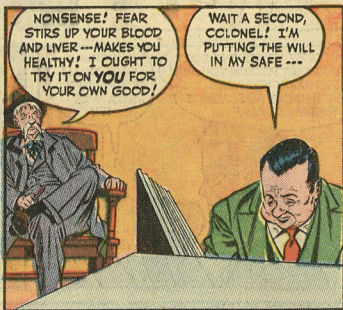
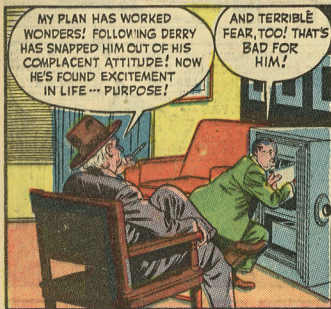




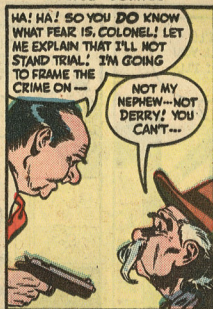


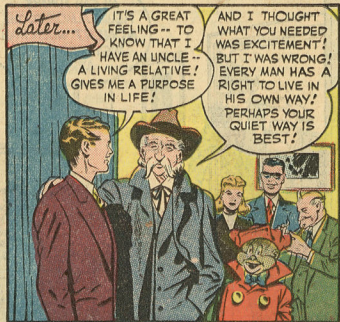
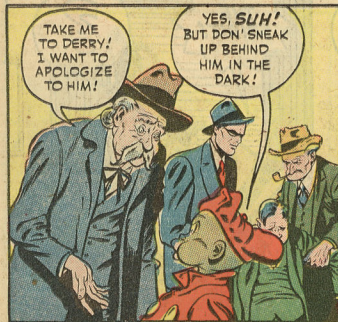
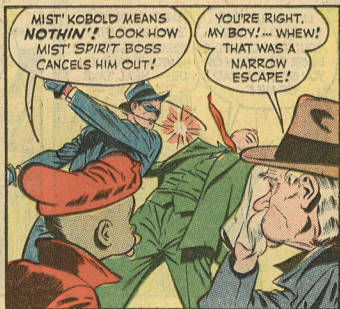
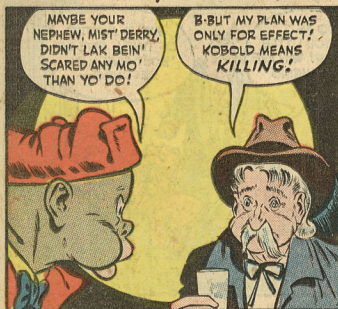




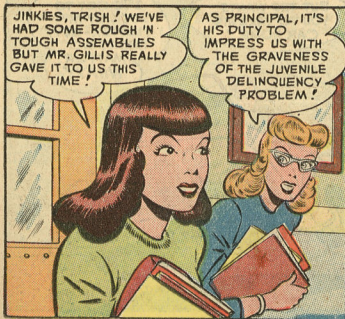
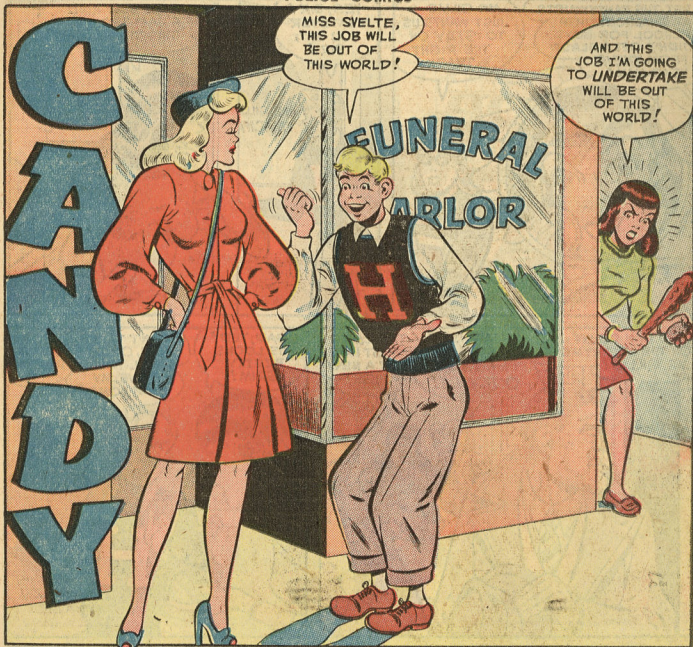


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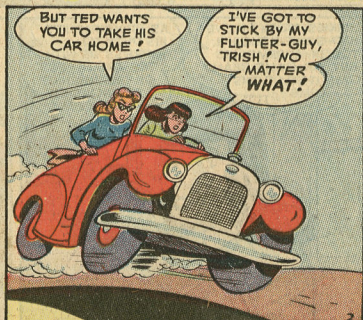
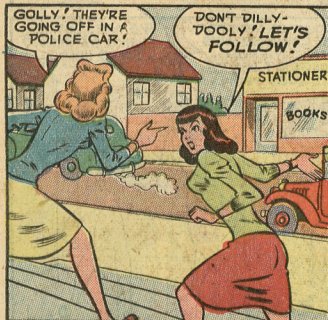
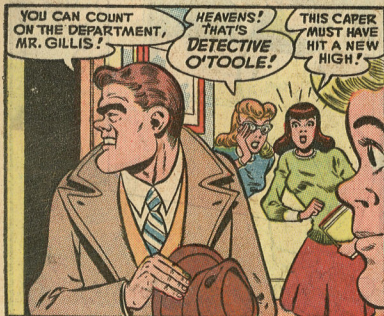
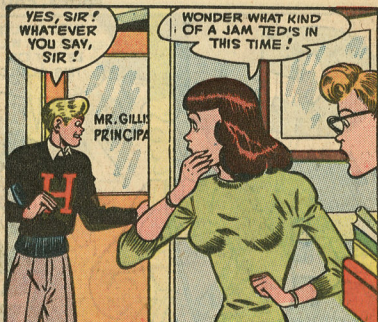




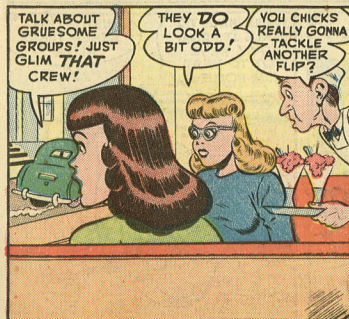
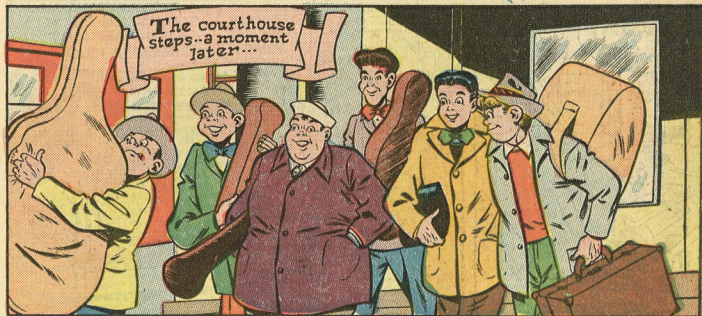
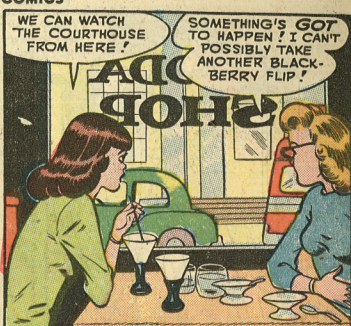
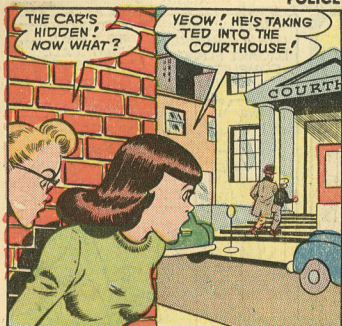
POLICE COMICS



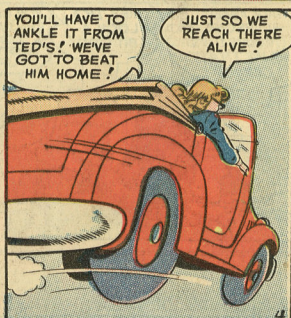
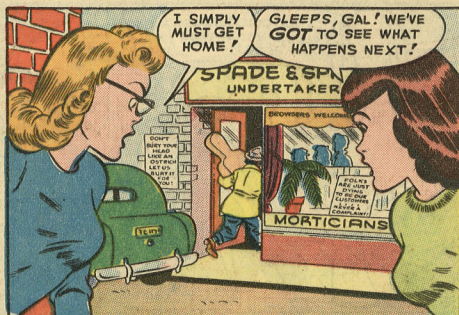
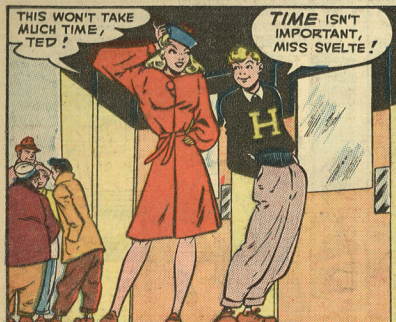
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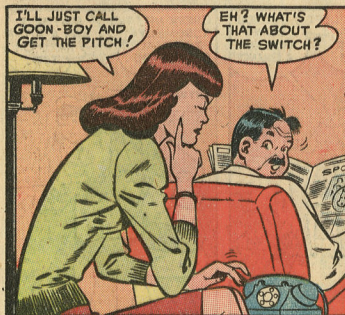
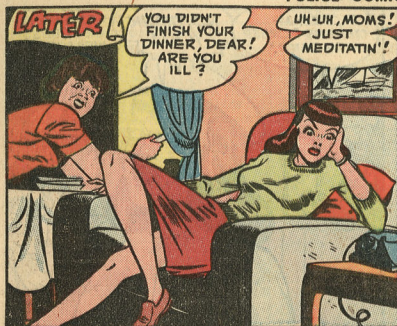
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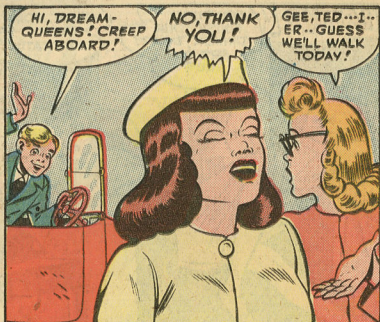


POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



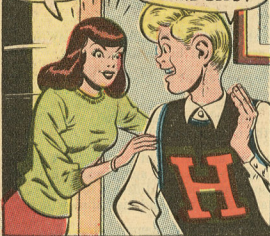


POLICE COMICS

After the assembly meeting...

I'M SORRY I WAS SUCH A GRUMPY!

'SOKAY,' BUT I HAD TO KEEP IT MUM, LOLLIPOP! LET'S ZOOM OVER TO THE CLUB!



WHY, TED! I'M SPEECHLESS!

THAT I GOTTA SEE!



CANDY, THIS IS MISS SVELTE, FROM THE COURTHOUSE! SHE'S HELPING US TO GET OUR CLUB GOING!

OH, I'VE SEEN YOU... ER... I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU!



THESE ARE THE SYNCOPATIN' SIX FROM CHAUNCEWORTH! ARE THEY HOT!

ULP! HI YA, BOYS!

HI, CANDY!



IF THE KIDS ALL LATCH ON, MR. GILLIS WILL QUIT BEATIN' HIS CHOPPERS!

UH-HUH! TED, I... ER... SORT OF TAGGED YOU YESTERDAY, AND...



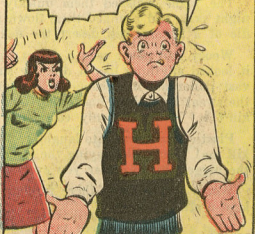
I'LL SAY YOU DID! YOU WERE ALL OVER THE PLACE!

YOU KNEW? AND YOU DIDN'T SPEAK TO ME? WHY, TED, HOW COULD YOU?



YACKITY... YACKITY... YACKITY... YACKITY...

WHAT'S A GUY GONNA DO?



In A Cow's Foot

"BUT I'm afraid of Injuns!" cried Woozy. "I don't want my hair lifted!"

Plastic Man grinned. "You've been reading old tales," he said. "What would any Indian want with your hair—except as a mop?"

Woozy looked hurt. But he continued, "I still don't like Injuns, Plas."

Plastic Man went on with his packing. "Well, there's only one thing left, you'll have to stay here. I'll handle the case myself."

"Alone?" Woozy gasped. "Without me?"

"That's better," chuckled Plastic Man. "I thought you'd come around. Well, hurry and get your stuff packed."

Plastic Man could always count on little old Woozy. his sidekick. Woozy was all right; grumpy, fault-finding, but on the spot when it came to a tight place.

They finished their packing hurriedly

"We've got to get the midnight plane," said the plastic chap.

"Where are these Injuns?" Woozy demanded.

"Out West—Arizona." Plastic Man made an all-encompassing motion with one long arm. "A long way from here."

Woozy nodded. "That's farther than Cleveland, huh?"

"Quite."

"Out West" to Woozy meant almost any place beyond his known boundaries; certainly not as far west as it actually was. He had never been west of Columbus in his life.

The plane whisked them quickly across the night skies and plunked them down in the middle of a shimmering desert the next morning.

Woozy had never seen a desert; had no idea it looked anything like it did. He surveyed the vast panorama in silence for a moment, while the sweat beaded on his plump face. "It's big, ain't it?" was his only comment.

Plastic Man burst into laughter. "Woozy, you kill me! That's like saying the Pacific Ocean is the biggest bit of water you ever saw!"

Woozy saw nothing there for laughter, so he kept a straight face.

"Let's get this ancient taxi and go find the

Indian agent." Plastic Man led the way to a rattletrap car, driven by an Indian boy

"The Mojave agent's office," he told the driver.

"Ugh," said the youth behind the wheel, and spun the old car quickly.

They arrived at the agent's office in a clatter and cloud of dust. The agent was a morose looking fellow, nationality difficult to arrive at. He looked at Plastic Man and his pal scowlingly.

"Whadya want?" he demanded.

Plastic Man whipped out his FBI card. "We are informed that you're having some trouble here about smuggling from Mexico," he said.

"Yeah," said the agent. "Some of the boys has itchy fingers I guess."

That was that. The agent turned back to some papers he was trifling with on his desk. "Paco will show you where to hang up," he said, nodding to the Indian taxi driver. "You, Paco."

In the next few days, Plastic Man learned that the majority of the smuggling had to do with diamonds.

"Diamonds," he said to Woozy one evening. "Doesn't sound like something an Indian would try to smuggle, eh?"

Woozy shook his head, without knowing why.

"These diamonds are getting across the border, all right," went on Plas, "but the authorities can't find out how. That's our job, Woozy."

Much of the grazing land of the reservation lay along the Rio Grande, national boundary between the States and Mexico. Unfenced; the land was used by both sides for cattle range. The river was shallow in the summer, allowing cattle to wander back and forth.

The customs officials on both sides were at a loss to know how the stones got in. They searched the cattle drivers thoroughly each time they crossed the river.

"But it's hardly the drivers, or the cowboys, senior," said the customs man. "No more than two or three of those Indians cross into Mexico in a year; yet the diamonds find their way into the reservation with great regularity."

"Hmm," said Plastic Man. Could they be flown in?"

The Mexican official shrugged. "No, senior.

POLICE COMICS

One plane a year across here, that's all; it never lands near the reserve."

Plastic Man cocked an eye upward at a couple of buzzards circling far overhead, but said nothing about the crazy idea that had popped into his head. No, it wasn't logical.

They carried on their investigation, wondering when something would happen to give them a lead.

It happened before they were expecting it.

Jalisco, the agent, came running to their cabin one midnight. "Come, Mister Plastic Man," he said. "It has come again!"

"W-what?" mumbled Plastic Man as he climbed into his clothes.

In the agent's cabin, Plas and Woozy found a small sheepskin bag with a half dozen fine diamonds in it. The agent looked frightened.

"I found it on my doorstep a few minutes ago," he said. "Someone banged on my door. There was no one when I answered. Must've been one of the Indians."

Plastic Man looked puzzled. "Has this ever happened before—I mean like this?" he asked. "Do all the stones turn up this way?"

Jalisco nodded. "Si. And then I turn them over to the customs men."

It didn't make sense. But Plastic Man said nothing about that.

The diamonds were duly handed to the customs men and the issue was closed, more or less. Plastic Man's job was still to trap the smugglers.

"Looks like a hard nut to crack," he told Woozy. "I don't get the idea yet."

"How about this Jalisco?" asked Woozy. "He doesn't look like a nice boy to me."

"No, he doesn't. Keep an eye on him, Woozy."

The only thing Woozy could discover about the agent was the fact that he kept a small herd of good beef cattle penned in a separate corral. But that didn't seem out of place; probably didn't want his cows to run with the Indian stock and thus have to be cut out each spring and fall.

But since Plastic Man had turned up nothing in the way of clues, he staked out one night and kept an eye peeled on Jalisco's corral. Why he did this, he couldn't tell. Something to do.

A little past midnight there was a commotion near the agent's corral. He heard bars being slid in their grooves. He sneaked up nearer. The sound of hooves grinding in the dust came to him. Then the sound of bars sliding again. Quiet after that. No light in Jalisco's cabin; yet Plas-

tic Man was sure he had heard a soft sound in the agent's cabin a little later.

The next morning he and Woozy were wandering along the river when they saw a small herd of cows step into the water on the other side and head for the States.

Plastic Man watched them coming, slowly. The water was not more than a foot deep. He had a peculiar premonition. If Indian herders were not bringing the diamonds across the border, who was? How about the cows?

Woozy was pointing at the herd. A couple of the lead bees had bogged down and were creating a great splashing.

"I've heard there is quicksand in this river," he said to Woozy. "I think they are trapped—yes, they are sinking." He got up and started for the struggling cattle.

Several Indian herdsmen came up quickly. When they reached the two trapped cows, one of them was on its side, kicking the air with one front and one back leg; the other two were in the mud.

The water had washed the creature's hooves clean. They looked strange to Plastic Man, Smooth. Their cavities filled. Then he remembered the odd cattle tracks he had seen now and then leading from the river. Such hooves would make those tracks.

"Wait!" he yelled to the Indians. With a bound he grabbed one of the cow's hooves and began prying at the solid mud in the hoof.

Jalisco and a couple other Indians had come up and were watching. Jalisco and the two exchanged a look and began edging away.

The mud came loose. Plastic Man saw a bright sparkle in the mud held in his hand. Diamonds!

Woozy yelled and pointed at the two Indians and Jalisco running. Plastic Man crammed the evidence into a pocket and one of his rubbery arms shot out. Like a lasso it looped around the three runaways, tightening.

Indian eyes opened wide. Here was an arm fully fifty feet long, firmly attached to a living man! This was sheer demon stuff! With loud cries they began running madly for home. All but the two caught in Plastic Man's loop, and Jalisco, who was plenty scared.

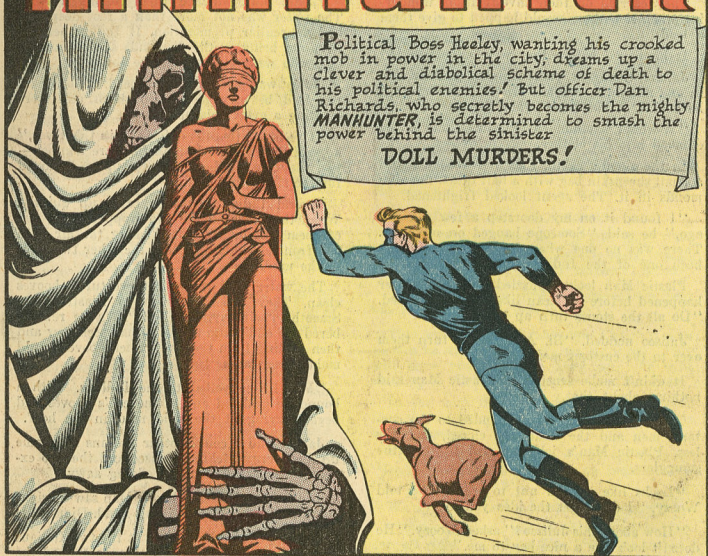
His confession came easily after that. Jalisco took one third of the stones as his cut. They were sent across in cows' hooves. Jalisco kept his horde of stones hidden in his cattle hooves. He was merely waiting until he had a fortune, then he planned a fast getaway.

Woozy rubbed his forehead while bouncing along in the taxi, headed for the airport. "Injuns is funny," he said.

MANHUNTER

Political Boss Heeley, wanting his crooked mob in power in the city, dreams up a clever and diabolical scheme of death to his political enemies. But officer Dan Richards, who secretly becomes the mighty **MANHUNTER**, is determined to smash the power behind the sinister

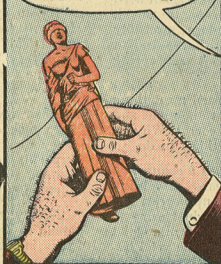
DOLL MURDERS!



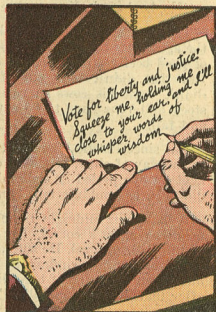
THIS TIME **MY** MEN WILL GET IN OFFICE, OR MY NAME AIN'T **HEELEY!**



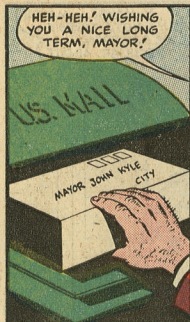
YEAH, MISS JUSTICE, YOU'RE GONNA WIN AN ELECTION FOR ME.



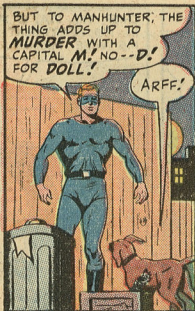
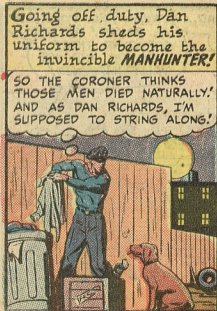
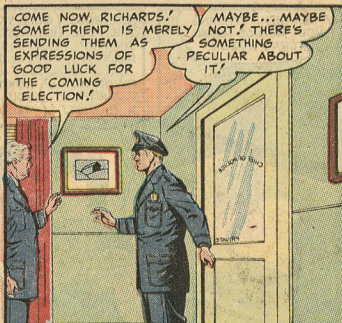
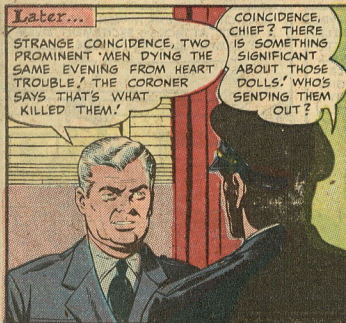
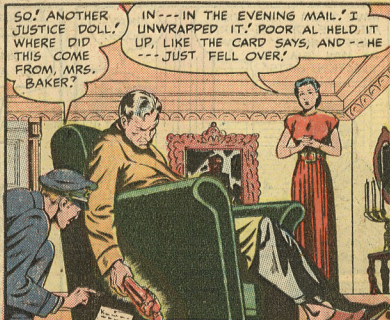
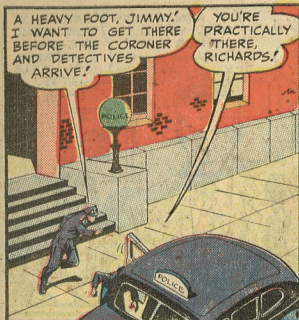
Vote for liberty and justice!
Squeeze me, holding me
close to your ear, and I'll
whisper words of
wisdom.



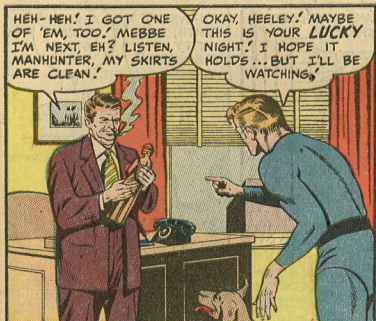
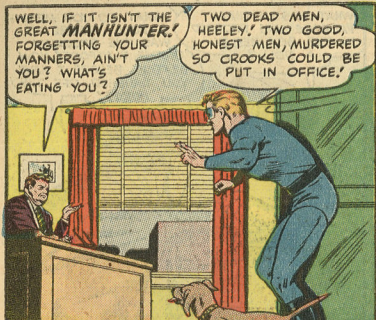
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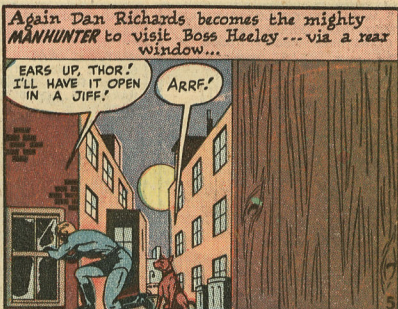
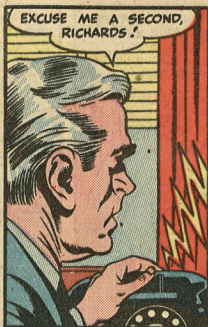
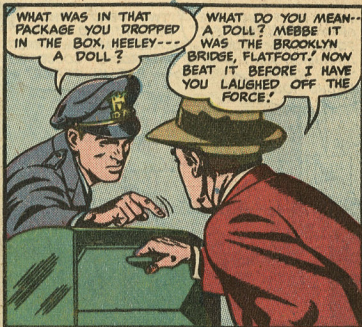
POLICE COMICS



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QUIET, THOR. I THINK WE'VE COME AT THE RIGHT TIME.



THAT'S ALL OF 'EM, SNIFFY. NOW WE'LL ADDRESS THE BOXES AND START 'EM ON THEIR WAY. THE ELECTION IS LOOKING BRIGHTER.

BUT, BOSS, HOW WILL WE SEND 'EM? YOU SAID YOU WAS AFRAID THE POST OFFICE PEOPLE MIGHT INVESTIGATE THESE BOXES.



WE'LL DELIVER 'EM OURSELVES, STUPID. GET THE CAR. HAMMM. SENTIMENTAL TOUCH, DELIVERING GIFTS TO POLITICIANS PERSONALLY.

SURE, BOSS.

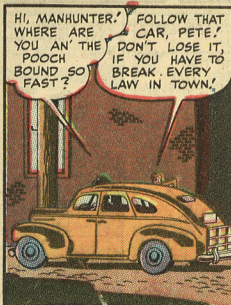


HMM. THAT STUFF BOTHERS YOU TOO, DOES IT, THOR? WELL, NOW WE KNOW THE ANSWER. COME ON, BOY--WE'VE GOT A COUPLE OF MURDERERS TO GRAB.

ARRRR-RR.



THERE GOES HEELEY. WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST, OR ABOUT SIX MURDERS WILL TAKE PLACE --- PROBABLY CITY COUNCILMEN.



HI, MANHUNTER. WHERE ARE YOU AN' THE POOCH BOUND SO FAST?

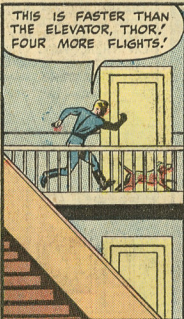
FOLLOW THAT CAR, PETE. DON'T LOSE IT, IF YOU HAVE TO BREAK EVERY LAW IN TOWN.



HE'S STOPPING. GOOD GOSH, IT'S THE APARTMENT WHERE THE CHIEF LIVES. PETE, GRAB SOME OF THE BOYS AND TAIL THAT CAR.

CONSIDER IT DONE, MANHUNTER.

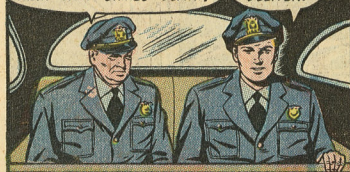
POLICE COMICS



Snatching an instant, MANHUNTER again becomes Dan Richards, and...

--SO THAT'S THE STORY--- YOUR FRIEND MANHUNTER SAVED MY LIFE! YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THOSE DOLLS, BUT HOW DID HE KNOW? AND WHAT IS THERE ABOUT THEM THAT BRINGS DEATH?

CAN'T THAT DRIVER STEP ON IT? HEELEY HAS FIVE OR SIX MORE DOLLS TO DELIVER!

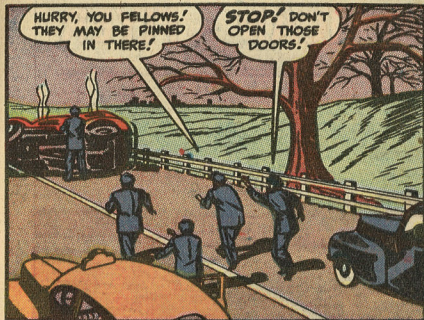


I'VE PICKED UP PETE'S TAXI, CHIEF! SHALL I TAIL IT OR CATCH UP?

CATCH IT---HE'S STICKING TO HEELEY'S TRAIL! WHAT'S DEADLY ABOUT THOSE DOLLS--HEY, LOOK UP AHEAD!



POLICE COMICS



HURRY, YOU FELLOWS!
THEY MAY BE PINNED
IN THERE!

STOP! DON'T
OPEN THOSE
DOORS!



BOTH MEN IN THERE ARE DEAD---
EVEN IF THEY WEREN'T KILLED
BY THE WRECK!



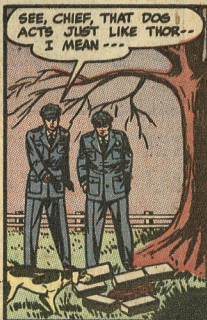
THE WINDOWS ARE
ALL BROKEN ANYWAY,
SO I GUESS THE
FUMES WILL BE
GONE! PULL 'EM
OUT, BOYS!

FUMES?
WHAT'S
ALL THIS
BLASTED
MYSTERY,
RICHARDS?



YOU FORGET, CHIEF--
THE DOLLS! HEELEY
HAD A HANDFUL IN
THE SEAT! WHEN
HIS CAR OVER-
TURNED, HE FELL
ON THEM!

SHADES
OF POE,
SO
WHAT?
SO HE
FELL ON
'EM!



SEE, CHIEF, THAT DOG
ACTS JUST LIKE THOR--
I MEAN ---



THOSE DOLLS EACH CONTAINED
A HEAVY CHARGE OF CYANIDE
GAS, CHIEF. NEAT LITTLE
MURDER TRICK, BUT IT
BACKFIRED ON ITS
INVENTOR.

YIPES! CYANIDE! AND
THE CARD SAID
"HOLD TO EAR AND
SQUEEZE"! ONE WHIFF
OF THAT IS DEATH
TO ANY MAN.



JUSTICE
TO ALL!



AMERICAN FLYER

Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

**SEE 'EM PUFF SMOKE!
HEAR 'EM "CHOO-CHOO"**

Top train—No. 4611 New York Central Freight. 23 pieces. 52 3-16" long. Remote Control. Complete with 14 sections of track, making 140" oval—**\$39.95**

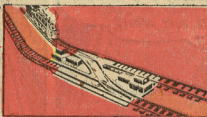
Lower train—No. 4407 Pennsylvania Freight. 21 pieces. 40 3/4" long. Remote Control. Complete with 14 sections of track, making 140" oval—**\$29.95**

THE ONLY SCALE MODEL TRAINS WITH ALL THESE THRILLING FEATURES

- ★ Real smoke synchronized with train speed
- ★ "Choo-choo" sound effects synchronized with train speed
- ★ Realistic 2-rail track—no old-fashioned third rail
- ★ Trains and track built to uniform 3-16" scale
- ★ Spectacular new Electronic Propulsion locomotives
- ★ Billboard whistle—works with any train system

The new American Flyers bring you all the wonder and glory of railroading. They puff real smoke. The built-in "choo-choo" reproduces the choo-choo sounds of a real locomotive under full steam. Both smoke and "choo-choos" vary in intensity as you increase or decrease the speed of your train. Locomotives, tenders, cars and track are all built to uni-

form 3-16" scale, so that your train looks like real—hugs the track like real. Cars have automatic couplers that couple anywhere. Uncouple by remote control. Die-cast locomotives have superpower worm drive that assures smooth, steady pull at all speeds from a crawl to 120 scale miles per hour. See and hear the sensational American Flyers at your nearest department or toy store.



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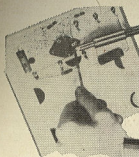
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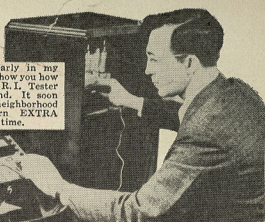
This offer good only in U.S.A.



KIT 1 (left) I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio Soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



KIT 2 (left) Early in my course I show you how to build this N. R. I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



VETERANS

You can get this training in your own home under G. I. Bill. Mail coupon for full details.

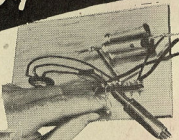
Be a RADIO Technician

Learn by PRACTICING in Spare Time

with **BIG KITS** of **RADIO PARTS** I send you

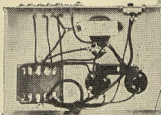
KIT 3

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them, see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



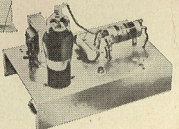
KIT 4

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack, make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6

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